



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Miscellaneous Department.

KNOWLEDGE.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

"Know thyself, enough for man to know."

The most useful of all things is to know the man, called self. To know what self is, and to understand its powers and elements of existence, will make man wise, and consistent in his conduct. To neglect the investigation is to procrastinate human enjoyment. Such, however, is the neglect of very many, that, of all subjects which engage their attention, the investigation of self, and its relation to other things, are among the neglected things which the mind finds no reason to consider. The man who sees not himself, knows not how to live harmoniously with his neighbor, and he who would live in peace should acquaint himself with the conditions to insure it. Among the conditions, as first in order, is a knowledge of self. This knowledge can only be attained, by an impartial inspection of the conditions which constitute individual identity.

The real philosopher should first understand his own position; because, whatever may be the position of others, unless he knows his own, will essentially modify results. He who takes a false position, or one which he does not understand, will involve conclusions at once disastrous to himself and ruinous to his peace. He should first know that his position is correct; that his mind is not at fault, and, having ascertained where he himself is by personal investigation, he may proceed to survey such things as are nearest to him; but never should he embark on any excursion, which overlooks the associated relations that are more intimately connected with his own bliss.

The man, who sees not his own position, can never properly understand the position of others. Hence, they who find fault with others, are often ignorant of themselves. Being ignorant of themselves, they complain of the position which others occupy. When man shall rectify his own position, the faults of others will not constitute the great burden of his mind. It is this false position, which ignorance of self fosters, that leads man to be ever complaining that others are wrong. He sees from a position that seems to justify no other conclusion; but the mote is in his own eye. With this mote to obscure his vision how can he see differently?

He who is blind sees nothing, and he who is less blind sees more; but he who sees himself is wiser than either. He sees more, and what he sees he knows. Knowing himself, he assumes nothing, because what he knows is self-evident—it is not assumption. From this position, he examines and compares, reasons and analyzes the elements which pertain to self-hood. In this work, he is enabled to solve mysteries, among which are the identities of individuals. Seeing his own, as it is, different from all others, and all others differing from each other, individuality is distinctly marked. Having found his position, as an individual differing from all other individuals in earth or heaven, he will see the folly of complaining because others are unlike him, and he will also see that the principle, which would justify his complaint on account of a difference, would justify others—all others—in complaining of him for the same reason. He will also see, that his position demands charity, or at least, forbearance from others.

There is another view of the subject. A man who is constantly employed in railing and accusing others, never progresses in the right direction himself. How can he who is always at work on another's farm cultivate his own? How can he, who is ever employed in the shop of another, attend to his own cultivation? The proper study of man is self. The improper study of man is the wrongs of others. These wrongs are more studied than the rights of individuals, and it is this evil that distracts and disturbs society. How few are gratified, unless they find some wrong of which to complain? How few are satisfied to learn what will do them good—and cultivate principles of right and truth in their own minds? Who is he that has searched into his own being, and is able to solve the mystery of life within him? Who has progressed so far as to comprehend the nature of the life, which negatives death forever? Where is the man that can analyze life, or explain its nature, its essence, its powers? Who can see its movements in the human body, or tell its capacity to live without death, when dust shall mingle with dust?

There is a study which negatives all these investigations. It is a study which seeks to baffle every effort to elucidate the nature of life in man. It is no difficult thing for ignorance to expose itself. And it is a very difficult thing to overcome ignorance, where no effort of self invites instruction from sources com-

petent to impart it, and where all feeling is nearly absorbed in the materiality of earth.

How can spirits impart a knowledge of man to those whose thoughts never rise above the dust on which they stand? Wealth is convenient, under human conditions; but wealth is dust—a thing that has no wisdom in it. It is a thing, like the earthly form, that finds no power of sympathy in this sphere. It is a thing that vanishes like night before the advancing light of the morning. There is then, an acknowledged essence in man, called life, and who shall determine its nature? Shall he, who never bestowed a moment's thought upon the subject, be allowed to teach what he does not know, and the unfortunate be bound to receive his instruction as an infallible guide to Heaven? Shall he, who rails against a subject of which he knows nothing, solve the mystery? Ignorance may say, how can I tell who is right or who is wrong, who is informed and who is misinformed?

Of what avail is the wisdom of experience, would you ask? How can the man have an experience which will serve you? Knowledge is a personal matter, and when you know yourself, you will have a personal knowledge of the immortal life within you. When you know that you have immortal life within you, you will know that such life will live forever, and that there can be no destruction of its individual identity. Hence, a knowledge of self is a knowledge of the eternal essence of life within you; and on this rock of truth you may stand unharmed by the ignorance and blindness of those who assail the facts, which bring with them the balm of healing to the mourning and disconsolate of earth. Go thy way, vain folly, that seeks to blast the hope of aspiring nature, and cast the pall of death over the nations of earth. Thy days are numbered, and no retreat will hide thee from the rebuke, which thy weakness betrays.

THE SPIRITS IN WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 21, 1853.

DEAR BRITAIN: The following letter, although written to me as a friend and for private use, contains so much of interest to your readers generally, that I have taken the liberty to send it to you for the purpose of publication. If friend Brown should happen to see this, he will excuse the liberty I have thus taken in placing his valuable letter before the public.

Yours truly, JAMES P. GREVES.

LIVON, Wis., Feb. 16, 1853.

DEAR DOCT.: According to my promise I send you a brief account of the progress of "Harmonical Reformation" in this vicinity.

I find here a general interest upon the subject, both *pro* and *con*; awakened by the rather recent development of "Spiritual manifestations" among, and through, persons who have never "been to school"—that is, who have never been abroad to learn this supreme art of humbugging their fellow-men, neither have they been taught it at home. There is scarcely a house in the whole neighborhood where they do not have these "manifestations," in some form or other. The tipplings, however, are most common; but there are two or three good personating and speaking mediums, and one or two clairvoyants. It is my intention, however, only to give you a partial description of the personations of a Mrs. B., which in some instances have been very striking and convincing. I shall relate but one or two of the most remarkable that have transpired, among many that were exceedingly interesting.

On Sunday last, after the close of my address, this medium arose before a full audience—an act which her friends say she could not have been hired at any price to perform—in the character of a young man, who died in England a few months since, and whose friends were present at this meeting, and spoke to them, and to all, in a manner so affectionate, sincere, and earnest, that it seemed to fasten conviction on the minds of his friends, and all present, who had known him, that it was indeed the individual speaking that he purported to be, as many suffused eyes and sighing hearts testified during his remarks.

A more interesting scene, however, occurred, after we had retired from the school-house to a neighbors. While waiting for tea to be prepared, Mrs. B. was again impressed in an extraordinary manner. The representation was that of extreme sickness and distress, accompanied by shiverings and pantings at intervals, expressive of chills and fever, which were followed by lassitude and apparently great debility of the system, until the patient (i.e., the medium,) lay stretched out in an arm-chair, to all appearance nearly lifeless. In this condition she remained, I should think, about three minutes, when a holy calmness seemed to settle upon the countenance, and the hands were feebly and slowly raised and stretched

upward—the countenance lighting up with an unearthly brightness, into a sweet, heavenly smile—the eyes opened—a few joyous words were indistinctly uttered, and the medium sank down as if all life had fled from her own system, and lay for some time apparently without breathing. Then becoming gradually reanimated, she stretched forth her hands, and rising to her feet, in an intoxication of joy, she pronounced the word "perfect," as if alluding to herself, with wild delight—and, pointing to a bed in the room, motioned out a stiffened earthly form upon it, with manifestations of disgust, from which she turned; then bounded about the room as if an airy spirit, happy, rejoicing, and free. She then flew to the members of the family, in whose house we were—to the father—to the mother—to the daughters (of whom three were then in the room)—shaking each joyfully by the hands, exclaiming, "My father—my mother—my sisters—my friends—weep not, mourn not, sorrow not, for I am happy, happy, happy!" Tears flowed copiously from all eyes but the mediums. But these tears, it seemed to me, although springing from the deep fountains of the sorrowing heart, as they came welling up and broke from the brimming eye, were turned into "drops of joy." The process was painful to witness, but the end was happy and glorious.

The father told me they had lost a son a few weeks since, whose sickness and death was perfectly represented by the medium—that he died firm in the faith of the Harmonical doctrines. Immediately before he expired, he seemed to have an enraptured vision of his Spirit-home, and that now he felt confident he had come to assure them he was happy there.

The relation of these incidents has occupied more room than I intended, and will deprive me from relating one or two more, even still more interesting and convincing than these, and which I must reserve for another communication.

Fraternally yours,

L. B. BROWN.

DOCT. J. P. GREVES, Milwaukee.

VIEWS OF THE REFORMATION.

The following, as may be apprehended from the date, was received some time since. It was accidentally mislaid and has just come to light. We shall be happy to hear from "R. L. A." again at his convenience.

LITTLE MIAMI VALLEY, Dec. 5, '52.

MR. BRITAIN: Dear Sir: I have been intending for some time to address you, on the all-important subject of Spirituality, but not knowing exactly when to begin, I have delayed writing till the present date. I have noticed with some interest the discussion, in progress in your paper; but Mr. Richmond is so remote, as yet, from the main gist of the question, that I can not think he expects to accomplish anything, but to exhibit his theories drawn from other sources than his own imagination and experience. What I want, and I presume all others do, is a clear and unelaborated view of both sides of this momentous question; for as it involves all that is sublime, pure, peaceable and holy, as well as all that is alarming and fearful, it should be dealt with in a clear scientific manner.

All Protestants are lavish in the praise of that great epoch called the Reformation, and well they may be, when it is understood in its proper light. But it is not yet comprehended by the common people, in what this great movement consisted, nor what point was obtained by its occurrence.

I must confess that I passed through a full routine of Theo-(Mytho-)logy in Princeton Theological Seminary, without understanding, at least the point of this great movement, which has given the means of mental emancipation to every thinking man. I imagined, I suppose like others of my class, that the Reformation in the sixteenth century, was simply a bringing back of the Presbyterian church doctrines and government, in all its pristine purity. And I did not dare think an exercise of my judgment out of the sphere of her commentaries, any more than a Papist does out of his. But by the emancipation of my mind I discover that all that the Reformation has done, is to establish the right of private judgment, in matters of Spirituality, to individuals in general, and anything short of this is but moderated Catholicism.

This indeed was to me a happier discovery than I had made during my three years' search in the mystic lore of religious metaphysics in that renowned Seminary. It gave me more real joy than I had derived from my supposed conversion and change of heart—indeed from the moment I cut myself loose from Sectarianism, I became a new man as Christ Jesus. I saw the sects in the same light in which he saw them—"Blind leaders of the blind." I saw that when

the Scriptures say "let a man examine himself," the sects answer, "by no means—let the Church examine him." Thus making the commands of God of none effect by tradition.

These things aroused me from the mythological slumber into which I had suffered my reason to be lulled, and at once set me free from the absurdities of divine dreams about men, angels and devils, to see a pure light in the open field of nature, whose every link is pure divinity, revealing herself in unutterable sweetness to every pure confiding mind, in conformity to the declaration of the great Master in this field, "Ask and it shall be given—seek and ye shall find—knock and it shall be opened."

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT L. ANDERSON.

(For the Spiritual Telegraph.)

LIFE IN THE SPHERES.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

The wrinkled brow and tottering step is not the end of life. No—there is life beyond this mortal frame—angel-life—life in Heaven.

I would speak of the happiness of life in the Spirit-land. Earth-born spirits dream of happiness. They know only pleasure—happiness is born of Heaven.

Man lives for himself while on earth—but when he enters the spheres he forgets his selfishness. He then begins to do good because it is right, and also because it makes others happy. Self-interest is forgotten, and in comforting his friends he brings happiness to his own soul. Freed from the cumbrous earthly body, he is free from the temptations which beset the man of flesh. Life now is bereft of all vain cares, and the spirit is free to rise in the love and wisdom of the spheres.

The spirit is the same that dwelt on earth in the material body, and it preserves its individuality; but it can not retain the animal passions and evil propensities of earth; nor is it any more exposed to temptations which retard the soul's progress. The spirit in the spheres must rise. There is no more evil to hinder the practice of virtue. Angels are freed from the companionship of sin. Thank God, there is an end to wickedness! There is no evil in Heaven. Life in the spheres is life indeed!

'Tis no vain dream, this hope of everlasting happiness; spirits love to bring this truth to every man.

There is nothing so glorious, in Heaven or Earth, as the infinite love of our Father, who has prepared so much happiness for His unworthy children. Oh! let us give thanks every moment of our lives! 'Tis not enough to kneel in the house of prayer once a week to ask God for a continuance of His blessings—

No! ask no more,
For your measure is filled to running o'er.
He knows your needs before ye ask them,
And loves to bless His thankless children
God has to each His spirits given
An everlasting home in Heaven.

C. S. P., Medium.

OWEGO, Feb. 16, 1853.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE.

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

FRIDAY EVENING, March 4, 1853.

The following communication was read and commented upon by Dr. Gray. It was given on the previous evening, in answer to a question by one of the circle, as to whether the sitting from time to time, without receiving anything from the Spirit-world, as the questioner had often done, was of any use to him? Through the alphabet, (E. P. Fowler, medium,) it was said—"Outward communication is of slight moment, compared with interior intercourse; the conditions for which are supplied by sitting in patient, and rather coveted quiet."

Mr. Waters, among many other interesting facts stated that, in West Troy, a child four years old had been developed as a writing medium. The child can not write, yet communications are made through her in writing, and with *fac similes* of the hand-writing of deceased persons.

Dr. Halleck related a case to show that the hypothesis which asserts these communications to be a mere reflex of our own minds, will not cover the facts in the case. He said that while at the house of Mr. Snyder, in Astoria, in the early part of the winter, a little girl, of about twelve years, being the medium, after several physical manifestations had been made, there was produced, apparently upon the table, a very singular combination of sounds as if a variety of musical instruments had been sounded without reference to harmony; at least it was sufficiently like this, to suggest the question whether the sounds were

meant to indicate the profession of the person communicating? This, through the raps was answered—"Yes." He then asked, "Do you wish to talk with me?" "Yes?" "Do I know you?" "Yes?" He then said, "I have no musical acquaintance that I remember at present, except a Mr. Edson who used to teach music in the common schools, &c., in the city of Utica, some years since. Are you the man?" "Yes." "Then you are in the Spirit-world?" "Yes." And instantly time was beat to a little tune, which was one out of the three or four remembered, among many which Mr. Edson used to teach the children? Dr. H. said, here is a case in which a person wholly unknown to all present but himself, and not known to be dead, even to him—comes and proclaims his own demise, and manifests his own identity. Whose mind was this a reflex of? Not the Snyders, for they never knew nor heard of him. Not his own, for he did not know he was dead. On Thursday last, being in the same place, after witnessing a variety of experiments, demonstrative of the ability of spirits to increase at pleasure the gravity of physical objects, the same tune was again heard upon the table, and the same person was declared to be present.

NOTE.—By Dr. H. I did not at this time, though long after the first interview, know of Mr. Edson's death. On the following Tuesday, I was relating the occurrence in the presence of a gentleman who said he was acquainted in Utica, and would write to inquire. I learn, though not from him, that he has done so, and has ascertained that Mr. Edson is in the Spirit-world.

Mr. E. W. Capron related the following: A few evenings since, two young men called at the house of Mrs. Brown, No. 75 West Twenty-sixth-st. They were entire strangers, and from the State of Tennessee. One of them asked for some spirit to communicate with him, and a willingness was indicated.

"What spirit is it?" "Your Father." The young man then wrote down on a paper the following question: "By what means did you die?" The alphabet was called for and the word "Poisoned" spelled out! The young man was much agitated and declared that to be correct. He then asked if his father had anything to say to him. The following was the answer: "My dear son, lift your thoughts to God, and remember your wrongs no more. To dwell upon the past will retard your progress and blight your future prospects. Your path leads on to glory; then labor to overcome evil with good, and a crown of righteousness will be your reward in time and eternity."

Your affectionate Father,
HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.

The facts were, that this father was killed by poison, administered by a brother, who had escaped the penalty of the law. The son declared that he had, for years, harbored the feeling of revenge, and had been determined to avenge the murder. Unlike Hamlet, the father advised him to dispel such feelings, and the son said that from that hour he would abandon his long cherished design of revenge.

On a subsequent evening, seven young men, from Georgia, called at the same place. They were entire strangers. One of them asked if there was any spirit that would communicate with him. Immediately the alphabet was called for, and "Laura" was spelled out. The young man looked surprised and agitated, and denied any knowledge of her. The spelling then was, "What! don't you remember me?" The young man became more agitated, but still denied any knowledge of the spirit. The glances cast from one to the other of the young men, told plainly that they knew that there was some tender chord touched. The spirit then spelled, "You all know who Laura was." Mrs. Brown's curiosity was excited and she suggested to the young man that he should ask what relation she was.

He replied, "I have no relative by that name." The alphabet was called for and "What constitutes relationship?" spelled out. The young man's agitation increased and Mrs. Brown, herself asked, "Is it a mother?" "No." (By one rap). "Is it a sister?" "No." "Is it an aunt?" "No." "Is it a wife?" No sound was heard. At this point the young man's agitation became so great that he left the circle, retired to the parlor and paced the floor in an agony of mind. One of his companions followed him out and remained with him. They did not return to the circle again. The whole matter was sufficiently explained by one of the company who remarked that, "She ought to have been his wife, and would probably have been alive now."

Mr. Minor, recently of California, stated many interesting facts in his experience, which he said he felt it a duty to testify to, because they were to his mind a perfect demonstration of spiritual intercourse. (The facts were not received in time for this paper.)
Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

BRITAN AND RICHMOND'S DISCUSSION.

Quorum.—Do those who have departed this life still continue to hold intercourse with those who yet remain on earth?

NUMBER NINE.

REMARKABLE CURES BY SPIRITUAL AGENCY.

DEAR SIR: The idea that spirits exist and exert an influence over the elements and man, has been entertained by many of the most gifted minds in every period of the world. The ancient Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, ascribed numerous facts of their experience to the interposition of invisible intelligences. The inspired Scriptures and all works of genius are filled with allusions to spirits and the exhibitions of their power. The Apostolic fathers and early historians of the church, speak of the powers derived from the Spirit-world, and exercised by men in the accomplishment of many marvelous works. Plato, who reasoned so well for immortality, had no doubt that men were incited to both good and evil deeds, by the influence of demons or genii who were supposed to be their constant attendants. Hesiod, one of the earliest Greek writers, also believed that invisible beings presided over the destinies of men, and his views concerning their presence and influence within the sphere of human affairs are expressed in the following lines:

Aërial spirits, by great Jove designed
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide,
They can reward with glory or with gold,
Such power divine permission bids them hold."

According to Calmet, Lactantius entertained the idea that there are two general classes of demons, celestial and terrestrial, and that the latter are the authors of all the wrongs perpetrated on earth. St. Paul alludes to "the powers of the air," and St. Jerome assures us that, in his time, the opinion prevailed among the doctors of the Church that the air is peopled with spirits, while many of the fathers believed that demons, especially such as were most impure, descended from the more ethereal regions of the air and were in close proximity to the earth.* I cite these opinions not because I presume that they establish the fact, but to show that our fundamental idea has been entertained for ages and earnestly defended by Heathen, Jewish and Christian writers. I know not what others may think, but I deem it quite impossible to account for the general prevalence of this conception, but upon the supposition that tangible demonstrations of Spiritual agency did often occur. The idea certainly found favor under various forms of religion and government, and with the most enlightened and polished nations as well as with the rude and barbarous.

So frequent and unmistakable were these examples of Spiritual power among the Jews, that the most terrible physical maladies were ascribed to the agency of evil spirits, and the expulsion of these, by the exorcism of prayer and other devout exercises, formed no unimportant part of the labors of the primitive Christian teachers. If the New Testament is not altogether fabulous, and the more recent experience of thousands wholly deceptive, we are certainly authorized to believe that spirits were wont to influence men in the manner here suggested, and that they do still continue to indicate their presence by similar effects. I desire to remark in this connection that, Christ and his Apostles were accustomed to treat this idea of Spiritual agency as if it were founded in truth, and everywhere entertained. They sanctioned the popular belief in demoniacal possession. It is recorded that they spoke to the ignorant spirits, whom they cast out, and that the spirits answered, giving various proofs of personal consciousness. It appears, moreover, that many of the spirits that manifested their presence in the time of Christ, were so ignorant and stupid as to be incapable of communicating any intelligence and were, therefore, called "dumb spirits." These could neither improve the health of the body nor augment the light of the mind—having no light or intelligence in themselves—and hence it was desirable to relieve the media from their presence and influence. The departure of those spirits, from the persons whom they had possessed, appears to have been attended, in some instances at least, with frightful convulsions, in which the medium was thrown on the ground and left apparently dead. A striking illustration of this class is recorded in the ninth chapter of Mark, wherein the medium "fell on the ground, and wallowed, foaming." The disciples made the attempt to exorcise the spirit but could not succeed. Jesus said, "Dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, 'He is dead.' But Jesus took him by the hand, and he arose."

It is abundantly evident that a great variety of Spiritual Manifestations did occur in the ancient Church, and among the people generally. And, while it can not be denied that, many of the phenomena were of such a nature as to indicate a very low order of intelligence, it must be confessed that the Apostles and others presented results of an orderly and divine character. Indeed, they claimed to accomplish the expulsion of inferior spirits, by virtue of the higher spiritual aid which was vouchsafed to them. Were their claims, in this respect, founded in imposture? and is the idea itself a mere chimera? If you answer affirmatively, you not only deny the inspiration of the New Testament but you boldly dispute its general reliability as a simple history, in which sense even infidel writers, if endowed with ordinary magnanimity, may afford to accept it.

Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, (twelfth chapter,) describes the "spiritual gifts" which were possessed and exercised in the primitive church. The power to perceive spirits, to speak in divers unknown languages and to heal the sick, with other remarkable powers, are referred to. These gifts were not all possessed by one individual, but appear to have been distributed, doubtless in conformity to the individual peculiarities of the recipients. Thus, according to the Apostle, "To one is given the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same spirit; to another the gifts of healing; . . . to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues;" all of which are represented in some degree in the modern phenomena. Such were the peculiar "gifts" denominated "Spiritual," and which continued in the church, as ecclesiastical historians inform us, for a long time after the last of the Apostles went to his rest. That these remarkable powers were exercised in the time of Irenæus, appears from his work entitled "Refutation and Overthrow of False Doctrines," in which he says:

"When a whole church united in much fasting and prayer, the spirit

has returned to the ex-animated body, and the man was granted to the prayers of the saints." . . . Those that were truly his [Christ's] disciples, receiving grace from him, in his name performed these things for the benefit of the rest of men, as every one received the free gift from him. Some, indeed, most certainly and truly cast out demons, so that frequently those persons themselves that were cleansed from wicked spirits believed and were received into the church. Others have the knowledge of things to come, as also visions and prophetic communications; others heal the sick by the imposition of hands, and restore them to health. . . . As we hear, many of the brethren in the church have prophetic gifts, and speak in all tongues through the spirit, and who also, being to light the secret things of men for their benefit, and who expound the mysteries of God."

Such were the Spiritual agents and their modes of operation, and such were the divine gifts comprehended in "the faith once delivered to the saints," and illustrated in the experience of men for more than two hundred years, Christ, the Apostles, and the early historians of the church being the witnesses. I by no means entertain the idea that the physical maladies of men, in any age, have been, generally or frequently, superinduced by ultra-mundane agents; but that the presence and influence of disorderly and inharmonious spirits, should be attended with unfavorable physical and mental effects, accords as well with our reason, as it does with ancient records and modern facts. Indeed, it will be readily apprehended that, if spirits really produce the modern phenomena ascribed to them, they must be able to influence the physical as well as the mental functions of men. Especially, may they act on the media, and perhaps through them on other persons, in such a manner as to occasion electro-physiological changes, and thus determine the pathological states of the system. To say that minds separated from the restraints of the earthly body, are competent to produce these effects, is to affirm but little comparatively of their powers; certainly not more than is warranted by the authentic histories of former ages, and the actual occurrences of the present day.

The reader is presumed to be so familiar with the cures wrought by the Apostles that a citation of particular examples, in this connection, is deemed unnecessary. I will, therefore, devote the remaining portion of my letter to the presentation of several examples of recent occurrence. The following is related by the *Lorraine Argus*, and the Editor vouches for the correctness of the statement:

Three years ago Leonora, a daughter between fourteen and fifteen years of age, a medium, stepped on a common sewing-needle, which penetrated the heel, so far as to be out of sight, and which has been the cause of great pain at different times since. About seven weeks ago her foot commenced swelling, and it became very painful; she has ever since (till last Thursday) been compelled, in order to move about the house, to hop on one foot, and should she happen even to touch the affected foot to the floor, she would drop as quick as though she had been knocked down with a club, so sensibly keen was the pain at the least touch. The foot was swollen to almost twice the size of the other, and to just bend either of the toes would cause great pain and suffering.

On Thursday last she retired to a room, and there being no one present but herself, she thought she would like to converse with the "spirits," something she had not done for a long time previous. The first spirit that answered her call was her grandfather's, whom she asked the following questions, and received the following answers:

QUESTION—"Can the needle in my foot be found without much difficulty and pain?"

ANSWER—"No."

Q—"Am I to remain a cripple during the whole time allotted to me to remain upon this earth, and be obliged to hop about on one foot, and suffer so much pain?"

A—"No."

Q—"Will it be a long time before I shall be enabled to walk on that foot?"

A—"No."

Q—"Can I walk now?"

A—"Yes."

She immediately arose, stood upon one foot, the other hanging down within about four inches of the floor, in which position it was, and had been for some time past, which caused us to fear that the cords in the leg had become contracted, and that she never would be enabled to straighten it again. But, when she stood up, you can easily imagine her surprise and astonishment when, as she says, she felt a pressure encircle her ankle, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the foot was brought down in contact with the floor, and with such violence as to cause the floor to tremble, which very much startled her, and she called aloud, "Mother! mother!" And then walked off, as she formerly did, with both feet. The swelling disappeared, and on the following day she put on the same sized shoe that she had previously been in the habit of wearing, and walked about the village, making calls and conversing with those friends from whom she had been so long separated.

Some six months since we received a communication from Rev. H. H. Hunt, from which the following is an extract:

In September, 1851, while in Indiana, I went to hear the rappings, when I became convinced that there must be a spiritual agency involved in the matter. But my position as a preacher of the gospel, restrained me from giving my sentiments to the public, and I remained silent until January of 1852, when two of my daughters became media for the sounds. After investigating the matter, and still finding no other solution than the Spiritual theory, I imputed it to the Devil, who, appearing as an angel of light, stood ready to deceive the very elect. Indeed, I was angry at the sounds; but as they would not stop, I made this request, that the unseen Powers would not make my children victims of Hell, but spare them, and try me.

After retiring, the same night, the spirits paralyzed both my arms, keeping them in continual motion until six o'clock in the morning, when the circular alphabet was handed me; and then I learned my duty from good authority. As soon as this was made clear, I commenced holding meetings in public; and up to this date my time has been spent lecturing on the subject. While speaking I am Spiritualized, or partly so.

At a circle held at Adrian, the first Saturday in July, the spirits wrote: "Seek the lame, the halt, and the infirm, and they shall be healed." I then remarked to J. M. Reynolds: "It can not be done; if that is read, away go the spirits and the cause together; for some one will be presented, and not cured." Nevertheless the call was read by my colleague, when Mr. Lyons presented himself, stating that his leg had been drawn up by rheumatism four years, and was under acute pain at the time. Without the exercise of my own volition I was thrown into the Spiritual state, and placed before him. I was also made to speak by the power of the spirit. . . . I put my hand on him, and he was made whole. He dropped his cane and went away rejoicing, fleet as a boy of sixteen! [We are informed that Mr. L. was 74 years old.]

After this, a child, son of D. C. Smith, was very sick. The physician having given the most powerful medicine for stopping the fits without effect, the father called me in. I seated myself by the boy, and was put in communication with him by an unseen agency. Soon the patient showed too clearly that another fit was coming on; but instead of his suffering from the attack, the whole power of the malady fell on me. The agonizing distress, the clenched fist, and contracted muscles, gave me alarm for my own safety; but the second thought, that I was in the hands of spirits, quieted me; and I threw off the attack. The boy had no more fits, but got well.

Last July I was called to visit Mrs. Brownell, near Adrian. She had been sick with a weak back, and continual pain in the side. Her doctor said the liver was decayed, and she could never regain her health. I was moved by the power of spirits to lay my hand on the back of her head, when she said: "I feel strange and dizzy." I told her to trust in God, for he was able to restore her to health. She now is well, doing the work of her family, which she has not done for two years. There are other cases which I might give, if time would permit.

Yours in Spiritual affinity.

H. H. HUNT.

These results were not accomplished by the faith of Mr. Hunt, for, it will be observed, in the first instance he declared emphatically that

no such cure could be performed. Neither was it the power of his will, for the agent, whatever it was, exercised him all one night against his will. It was not the faith of those who were made whole, for in one case the patient was a child, and the nature of his disease such as to render the exercise of faith, at the time, impossible. Is it not evident that these examples of healing are the same in nature as many of those recorded in the New Testament? If the spirits did not perform these cures, pray tell us what it was that took possession of our Reverend friend, and made him a better doctor, in one night, than a medical college can make out of average materials in five years!

The original statement of which the following is a portion, was attested by many persons, including two physicians and two surgeons. The report was published by Dr. Clanny, a physician of extensive experience, who assures us that "many persons holding high rank in the established Church, ministers of other denominations, as well as many lay members of society, highly respected for learning and piety, are equally satisfied."

The patient, named Mary Jobson, was between twelve and thirteen years of age; her parents, respectable people in humble life, and herself an attendant on a Sunday-school. She became ill in November, 1839, and was soon afterward seized with terrific fits, which continued, at intervals, for eleven weeks. It was during this period that the family first observed a strange knocking, which they could not account for. It was sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another; and even about the bed, when the girl lay in a quiet sleep, with her hands folded outside the clothes. They next heard a strange voice, which told them circumstances they did not know, but which they afterward found to be correct. Then there was a noise like the clashing of arms, and such a rumbling that the tenant below thought the house was coming down; footsteps where nobody was to be seen, water falling on the floor, no one knew whence, locked doors opened, and above all, sounds of ineffably sweet music. The doctors and the father were suspicious, and every precaution was taken, but no solution of the mystery could be found. This spirit, however, was a good one, and it preached to them, and gave them a great deal of good advice. Many persons went to witness this strange phenomenon, and some were desired to go by the voice, when in their own homes. Thus Elizabeth Gauntlett, while attending to some domestic affairs at home, was startled by hearing a voice say, "Be thou faithful, and thou shalt see the works of thy God, and shalt hear with thine ears!" She cried out, "My God! what can this be?" and presently she saw a large white cloud near her. On the same evening the voice said to her, "Mary Jobson, one of your scholars is sick; go and see her, and it will be good for you." This person did not know where the child lived, but having inquired the address, she went: and at the door she heard the same voice bid her go up. On entering the room she heard another voice, soft and beautiful, which bade her be faithful, and said, "I am the Virgin Mary." This voice promised her a sign at home; and accordingly, that night, while reading the Bible, she heard it say, "Jemima, be not afraid; it is I: if you keep my commandments it shall be well with you." When she repeated her visit the same things occurred, and she heard the most exquisite music.

The same sort of phenomena were witnessed by everybody who went—the immoral were rebuked, the good encouraged. Some were bidden instantly to depart, and were forced to go. The voices of several deceased persons of the family were also heard, and made revelations.

Once the voice said, "Look up, and you shall see the sun and moon on the ceiling!" and immediately there appeared a beautiful representation of these bodies in lively colors, viz. green, yellow, and orange. Moreover, these figures were permanent; but the father, who was a long time skeptical, insisted on whitewashing them over; however, they still remained visible.

Among other things, the voice said, that though the child appeared to suffer, she did not; that she did not know where her body was; and that her own spirit had left it, and another had entered; and that her body was made a speaking trumpet. The voice told the family and visitors many things of their distant friends, which proved true.

The girl twice saw a divine form standing by her bedside who spoke to her, and Joseph Ragg, one of the persons who had been invited by the voice to go, saw a beautiful and heavenly figure come to his bedside about eleven o'clock at night, on the 17th of January. It was in male attire, surrounded by a radiance; it came a second time on the same night. On each occasion it opened his curtains and looked at him benignantly, remaining about a quarter of an hour. When it went away, the curtains fell back into their former position.

One of the most remarkable features in this case is the beautiful music which was heard by all parties, as well as the family, including the unbelieving father; and indeed it seems to have been, in a great degree, this that converted him at last. This music was heard repeatedly during a space of sixteen weeks: sometimes it was like an organ, but more beautiful; at others there was singing of holy songs, in parts, and the words distinctly heard. The sudden appearance of water in the room too was most unaccountable; for they felt it, and it was really water. When the voice desired that water should be sprinkled, it immediately appeared as if sprinkled. At another time, a sign being promised to the skeptical father, water would suddenly appear on the floor; this happened "not once, but twenty times."

During the whole course of this affair, the voices told them there was a miracle to be wrought on this child; and accordingly on the 22d of June, when she was as ill as ever and they were only praying for her death, at five o'clock the voice ordered that her clothes should be laid out, and that everybody should leave the room except the infant, which was two years and a half old. They obeyed; and having been outside the door a quarter of an hour, the voice cried, "Come in!" and when they entered, they saw the girl completely dressed and quite well, sitting in a chair with the infant on her knee, and she had not had an hour's illness from that time till the report

was published, which was on the 30th of January, 1841.—*Night Side of Nature*, pp. 405-8.

Mr. John O. Wattle, a gentleman of intelligence and a distinguished philanthropist, in a letter addressed to D. Gano, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio, relates an interesting Spiritual experience of which the subjoined extract forms a part:

My brother-in-law related to me an incident that may be interesting to some. A few days before I was there, he was at work in the grove, chopping wood; a young man rode up and inquired 'if his name was Whinery?' He said 'Yes.' 'Wilton Whinery?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you are the man for me; my sister has been at the point of death more than six hours, and the spirits say 'you can cure her.' Milton said, 'I can't do anything; I never did anything in my life—I do not know anything about it.' But the young man insisted, and he went—it was nine or ten miles. When he got there he found a house full of people in attendance, expecting every moment that the young woman would breathe her last, and anxiously awaiting his arrival. When he entered the room, he saw the young woman lying in great agony, the blood frothing from the mouth—in a fit, I suppose. At this sight he sickened—as he does at the sight of blood—and fell back into a chair. He then became entranced, and said, 'In twenty minutes I will lay my hand on her head and she will recover.' He commenced jerking severely—as was related to him afterward—and immediately the young woman was relieved! At the expiration of twenty minutes he aroused, and turning to the young woman, asked her how she felt—at the same time laying his hand on her head. She answered, 'I am well'—and immediately set up in the bed! He then went out to supper, and after that, returned to the room, and the young woman was up and clothed, and in her right mind. She had been in a partially-deranged condition more than a week. She now walked about the room with him, and was standing in the door when the physician, who had left her a short time before and had come back not expecting to see her alive—rode up. Being a disbeliever in all the late "Manifestations," he looked astonished—gazed at her a moment, as if disbelieving his own senses, and exclaimed, 'Gods!—No more use for doctors!' and rode off. This can be attested by more than forty persons.

Such are some of the marvelous cures, performed without reference to ordinary professional modes, or the specific action of remedial agents, and I insist that if the alleged office of spirits, in the production of these results, be denied, we shall seek in vain for a solution of the mystery they involve. If you assume that the illness, in the cases here cited, was only imaginary, it follows of necessity—provided your assumption be well founded—that the M. D.'s, who attended in their professional capacity, and thought their patients would surely die, were strangely ignorant of their business. To assert such a questionable proposition, is to pour unmerited contempt on the judgment of the faculty. We confess to a strong suspicion that even Doctors are sometimes fallible, but few, we apprehend, are so ignorant of diagnostics as to be unable to distinguish between idle fancies and real fits!

If you are inclined to ascribe the cures to a biological experiment, I desire to remind you that, in the case of Mary Jobson, there was no person in the room except a child some two or three years old, and the child was sleeping at the time. Moreover, in the case of Miss Leonora, no one was in the room when the cure was performed. If you claim that the father or some other person wrought the cure, biologically, without so much as coming into the patient's presence, it will be incumbent on you to prove that the individual, to whose agency you may be pleased to ascribe her restoration, was capable of producing similar effects on the patient; also, that the absent person did act on Leonora, at the time and in the manner implied. Nor is this all; the reader will still have a right to inquire why a person possessing such powers should meet and mingle with the sufferer for months, and even years, and never afford the slightest relief, and at last—strangest of all nameless mysteries!—how the same person could perform one of the most startling and wonderful cures, and, at the same time, be utterly unconscious of any agency in the case!

The last mentioned example is eminently convincing in its nature. None of the friends of the dying girl appear to have had the slightest knowledge of the personal qualities, local position, or even the existence of Milton Whinery; nor did the latter know aught of them; but the invisible intelligence gave precise directions, and predicted a definite issue. The directions, thus given, proved to be strictly reliable, and the promised result was fully realized. All sub-lunary theories and the specious speculations of skeptical philosophers are inadequate to account for the facts. Their bare announcement falls on the dull ears of modern Materialism like the trumpet-blast of the last judgment, while the benignity of the power employed is triumphantly vindicated, by its labor of love, in behalf of suffering humanity.

As we attribute these cures to spirits, we can not rationally be expected to control all the conditions on which they depend, so as to reproduce the effects at pleasure; but you insist that the phenomena are purely earthly and, with a dash of the pen, seemingly as careless as the stroke of a Turkish executioner, you pretend to solve all mysteries and to dispose of all reasonable doubts. If then, these and many similar cures are wrought by merely human agency, if, as you affirm, all the means and conditions are

* See Calmet's *Die. Art. Demons*; Also, remarks on Angels.

* Eusebius Pamphilus, *Eccles. Hist.*; page 186.

here, and subject to the control of mortals, why not occupy the time employed in mere verbal disquisitions, in a practical experiment, and at once initiate the whole medical fraternity into the secret. If you have the slightest faith in your own hypothesis, why not furnish the demonstration? It is the shortest way to decide the whole controversy. The interests of science imperiously demand this course, and suffering mortals implore your aid with the moving eloquence of their accumulated woes.

I remain, yours fraternally,
S. B. BRITTAN.

Our notice of Dr. Tyng's lecture appears to have occasioned much discussion in many circles. Just as we were about going to press our attention was called to a communication in the *Express* of the 15th instant, wherein it is charged that the material points involved in our notice are substantially untrue; but the writer does not choose to assume the responsibility of his own statement by disclosing his name. It is quite possible that there may have been some verbal misunderstanding on our part, but we can hardly be mistaken in the general import of Dr. Tyng's remarks. If, however, we have erred, in the smallest particular, we shall take great pleasure in giving publicity to any corrections that may emanate from a responsible source. We may have occasion to advert to this subject in a more particular manner hereafter.

PROF. MATTISON'S LABORS IN HARTFORD.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

Gentlemen: I perceive that you have devoted a portion of the space in last week's *TELEGRAPH* to the case of the "Rev. Professor" Hiram Mattison. From the evidence presented in your article, which is explicit and conclusive, to my mind, it would appear that this clerical gentleman is either afflicted with a very treacherous memory, or—he has but an indifferent perception of the obligations of truth. Of his ideas of what are commonly regarded as the rules of good manners and the treatment due from one gentleman to another, I will say nothing here—perhaps his notions of that subject were sufficiently illustrated by his conduct on the occasion of his two lectures in this city, during which he alluded in a most disrespectful and personal manner to a gentleman who was quietly sitting among the audience. He further exhibited his good breeding by speaking, from his perch in the pulpit, of a most worthy and excellent lady present, as a *humbly* in the clairvoyant business, who shamelessly took the wages from the toil-worn, "calloused" hands of honest poverty under the delusive pretence of curing disease. Now Mr. Hiram Mattison may know nothing of the real character of the lady whose feelings he so wantonly outraged; in charity we are bound to believe he does not; for, otherwise, he is a

Because it is a well known fact that out of an average of from fifteen to eighteen cases a week, Mrs. M. has not made a single radical mistake in her clairvoyant diagnosis and treatment of disease for upward of a year and a half; on the contrary, she has cured most, and benefited all, of her patients during her residence in Hartford, exhibiting in her clairvoyant state the operation of a most beautiful law of the human soul. For the Rev. Professor to denounce her as a humbug who obtains money under false pretences, and then work himself into a theatrical show of virtuous passion on the subject, exhibits either his ignorance or something worse. I am afraid, to tell the truth, that Prof. Mattison himself is obnoxious to the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The case was this—he came to Hartford and announced on flaming handbills that he would "expose" and demolish the whole subject of Spiritual Manifestations, or "modern necromancy," as he was pleased to term it, in two public lectures, at 25 cents a head. Some of his friends of "the cloth," among whom was the choleric gentleman from Winsted, aided him in various ways to secure an audience. Notices of his lectures were handed into, and read from, the pulpits of all the churches, and puffs were inserted in the papers. It was stated that he was an eminent philosopher and scholar, and that he would give a candid, plain and philosophical exposition of the whole matter. On the strength of these assertions quite a number of the friends of Spiritual truth went to the Melodeon, paid their quarter, and took their seats, expecting to hear something new if not important. A still larger number of "orthodox" people attended in the sincere hope of being able to obtain, at least, some sort of solution of the startling phenomena which were occurring all around them and shaking their faith in Calvinistic theology. It transpired, however, that the lecturer had *humbly* his audience—that he either knew nothing himself of the subject on which he was engaged, or else supposed his audience to know nothing of it. He said the *raps* were made by cracking the joints of the ankle! "or," said he, with awful significance, "with the bones of another part of the limb which I shall not here name." This fact had been decided by a committee of Buffalo doctors, and he knew it to be true. He further said that it was always necessary for the medium to call the alphabet! and thus they (the media) were enabled to deceive their credulous dupes! His whole discourse was a violent and frothy array of words. He displayed no acquaintance with the facts of Spiritualism, and devoted those lectures to trivialities, such as ridiculous communications which were incorrectly spelt, doggerel verse by Benjamin Franklin, &c., &c. He made many false statements, some of which Mr. Davis corrected publicly in the hall, and when a gentleman present respectfully offered to hire a hall and pay all his expenses if he would speak another night and allow a candid reply, he answered by saying that he was afraid he would, if he wrestled with *chimney sweeps*, got soiled! He was probably more afraid that the said sweeps, if he were to wrestle with them, would speedily throw him! His audience were conscious that they had been sold, and several of his own friends expressed regret at the course he had seen proper to pursue.

His hearers were not very numerous, although respectable in point of numbers; and it was deemed advisable to reduce the price of the second lecture to twelve and a-half cents. The result, however, of this financial *coup d'état* proved to be the *coup de grace* of Professor Mattison. He had not hearers enough to pay expenses—it was literally a beggarly array of empty boxes. The public had got enough of his style and argument on the previous evening, and preferred

to attend to their own business rather than listen to his violent and shallow displays of oratory.

He made so many allusions to the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* and Prof. Brittan, that I thought he must be haunted by some secret reproachfulness connected with that subject—some moral ghost, that, like Banquo's, would not be laid.

I must not forget to tell you an authentic anecdote of the Professor, concerning an occurrence which happened in Winsted. He had professed great contempt for the humbug manifestations, as he termed them, and had got the idea that he could "get them up" at short notice, as well as the true believers. Your friend, Mr. Turner, of that place, I am told, on going into the Professor's room, caught that redoubtable man, in company with the Rev. Mr. Woodruff, in the act of *willfully* a table to move! It seems that they had been at it some time, and were compelled to give it up as a bad job!

We want Mr. Mattison in Hartford again. He has helped the Spiritual cause here, so far as he has exerted any perceptible influence.

Yours truly, S. G. H.

HARTFORD, March 7, 1853.

The foregoing is from one of the most influential citizens of Hartford. [Ed.]

The following article, which appeared in the *Williamsburgh Daily Times*, of the 3d instant, expresses the opinion of the writer in plain and caustic language. We were not present and can not vouch for the justice of the writer's remarks, but we think that the Professor may congratulate himself, if he shall hereafter fall into no more unmerciful hands than ours.

"SPIRIT RAPPINGS"—PROF. MATTISON.

MESSES EDITORS: I went last Monday evening to hear Prof. Mattison—anxious to receive any additional light on a subject so justly occupying the attention of all reflecting minds, which, if true in its main particulars, is, as it were, raising the curtain to a new and more enlightened plane of philosophy of incalculable benefit to man—the certain evidence of his immortal existence hereafter. From extracts from some of the Professor's previous lectures, myself and friends concluded he was in deplorable darkness, evinced in some of his statements of the various manifestations, arising, most probably, from not having a favorable opportunity of witnessing the phenomena himself; and hence relying too much on the second-hand statements of others. It was therefore our desire, after the lecture was over, to give him an opportunity, by introducing him to "spiritual circles," of which there are about thirty in this city, and perhaps three hundred mediums, through which he would be convinced of the reality of the various phenomena, through rapping, writing, speaking, clairvoyant, table-moving, and tipping mediums. Conceiving him an earnest and honest expounder and propagator of what he thought true, we thought it our duty that the public should have, through him, a plain statement of facts, that they might be enabled to draw just and common-sense conclusions as to the origin and character of the phenomena. But, gentlemen, what was our amazement and mortification to discover such a total want of truth, such an arrant display of absolute ignorance, such obsequy of inference, and withal such a total misrepresentation of facts, that never was the sacred pulpit so shamefully desecrated, or the delicacy of an audience so insulted before, by any Professor. Far be it from any one to jeopardize, or arrest the investigation of truth by intercourse with a being of so unfavorable an organization. He, however, will do good, as he can not fail to provoke a desire for investigation into a subject he so little understands.

Gentlemen, we have Infidels among us; yea, of all classes, from the timid skeptic of the church, to the bold and fearless Atheist—the materialist, or believer in the soul's annihilation at death—that death is an eternal sleep! We have the good man of the church, and the good man of the materialist school; the former, whose life is lined and squared by a belief in a future accountability and hope of heaven; the latter from an innate love of right, nicely balanced principles of justice, and an abhorrence to wrong. But the mass of mankind feel not the responsibility of the future; weak in moral principle by natural organization, the mummery, the trickery, the inconsistency and antagonisms of religion confirm such into an Atheism of the race-course, black-leg, and libertine class. Scoffers at all religion, revilers of morality, befogged in the chaotic confusion seemingly surrounding all the transactions of life—to such, the passage through society becomes, as it were, a mere grab-game struggle, and society and themselves mutually in turn suffer for their depredations, and consequent misery of their unrestrained sensuality.

I would ask, who are the promoters of this latter and worst species of infidelity—infidelity to God, infidelity to society, infidelity to themselves—this irreverence to religion, and consequently to all the decencies and moral restraints of society? Is it not to the indiscreet encouragement of the church, and to the shameful desecrations of the sacred rostrum—the pulpit—as in the present instance, by the open, palpable and vulgar violations of truth, and wholesale misrepresentation of facts? His friends should have told the Rev. gentleman that Williamsburgh was the wrong place, and too late in the day, to preach up "spiritual delusion" and "spiritual humbug" in opposition to the convictions of at least three hundred mediums with their numerous friends. The fate of Dr. Dods should have acted as a caution.

When Professor Mattison feels disposed to act the part of a mountebank again, we would advise him to choose another subject for the diversion of his audience—one not so intimately connected with man's eternal welfare—for which he assumes to have such an abiding interest. And, as the "Odeon" has been fitted up for light farces, we will be ready with our shilling; and no doubt there would be a rush, the instant he announces himself for *Mawworm*, in the play of the Hypocrite.

FRANKLIN.

CORRECTIONS.—The following errors of type were inadvertently overlooked in correcting the proof of Prof. Bush's letter in our last. For "assorted phenomena," read "asserted phenomena"; for "as long as insufficient reasons," read "as long as no sufficient reasons"; for "controlled by supreme powers," read "controlled by superior powers"; for "some subtle intervening medium," read "some subtle intervening medium"; for "assigns as vastly higher authority," read "assigns a vastly higher authority."

REPLY TO PROF. BRITTAN.

NUMBER SEVEN.

DEAR SIR: Your (L. M. Austin's) seventh letter is received. You open by alleging that I had "introduced a disconnected and confused statement of the phenomena in Austinburgh." "A full and lucid statement would not subserve my objects in the discussion." "L. M. Austin and other reliable witnesses have furnished you with just such an account." This is an open attack on my veracity, in facts. Let facts reply to it.

The occurrences at Mr. Lysander Cowles' were public property, from the first—and as many versions of them could be found, as persons to relate them. Few minds can narrate such fact alike. My information was derived from Miss Martha Cowles and Mrs. Rachel Cowles, residing in the house where the occurrences were witnessed. I sought and heard the story as many as four or five different times. Miss Martha being the best and most connected narrator—having a better memory—each time some new fact, before forgotten, would come out, and some previous fact mentioned be dropped. Their order I never could understand. This frequent narration was had with a view to publish the facts. The result of my observations were embodied in my first letter to the *Tribune*, and in reply to Mr. E. W. Capron. I added facts subsequently obtained through L. M. Austin, and the father of the medium, "H.", and published in the *Tribune*, with a reply by Mr. Orton, I am told—(Will some one forward me that paper, if they have it; I have never seen it)—and by referring to those two letters, and the facts subscribed to in this correspondence, you will find quite a difference.

In the reply to Capron I narrated almost *verbatim* from her father's statements, and, it now appears, that he had heard the story in a way that combined a part of the facts in Austinburgh with those of Marlborough. The piling up a host of things in the middle of the room at A., I had received as occurring at M. Myself and Miss Martha Cowles have always contended strongly that the whole facts should be carefully put together and given to the public, with those at Marlborough; others, and the medium in particular, wholly objected to any public connection with it, and was greatly offended with me for what I did publish, and utterly refused me any narration of the facts, at Marlborough, while the Spiritualists were using these facts, by letter and word, to stay up their positions. "Ann," at first, "had risen from the dead," actually appeared to "H.", with clotted hair, bloody bones, doleful sighs, horrid groans, grave-yard yells, and ghastly grin—breathing her sepulchral tones into the ear of affrighted women. When I inquired if the "door was locked" between rooms, no body knew or had thought of it. It was locked and had not been stirred, and in the morning "Ann," the sinner, was found on the board, stark and stiff, "alone in her glory," as though she had not "ris" during the night and frightened the ladies. Directly it was admitted that it was not "Ann" in the flesh, but an "assumed appearance," to cheat and frighten. The story, when first told, beat Lazarus all to fits—and in my letter to E. W. Capron I have it that she *appeared*, in whole and in part, "three times" to "H." I had so heard it.

On one of these occasions, it was said, "H." struck her ghostship with a stick, (good enough for her,) and "H." was thrown by something nearly across the room; the bed moved six feet, and the furniture all piled up in the center of the room.

Mr. L. M. Austin and myself differ only in one or two matters. He has added some that I had never heard; I have given some that he does not mention. I understood the skull to be "moving round;" he says it was "moving up and down." The swinging of the cartridge-boxes and vibrating of the guns and swords, so as to produce a clicking, I don't remember ever having heard. The fiddling and singing I heard mentioned, but not as Mr. A. writes. The glass tumbler and watch not being disturbed, and the bottle of cologne, in the bandbox, upset after its removal, he omits. He makes the singing the last of "Ann's" troubling "H." As I understood it from Miss Martha Cowles, it was at the "boiling of the bones," in Marlborough, that "Ann" made her grand "sledge-hammer" demonstration. We have probably now the main facts—and in my account to you I refused names—when you demanded names and all. I referred you to a number of persons for facts—you have them from them as I desired you should from the first. That "H." will thank neither me nor Mr. Austin, is certain.

A more full account of the Marlborough transactions is desirable. I could never satisfy myself what were the facts at M., and Mr. L. M. A. corrects his own account once or twice from others. He is universally regarded as a man of veracity. L. M. Cowles, Rachel Cowles, and Miss Martha Cowles, are veracious—and state what they believe to be facts—the others I do not know. My intercourse in the family has been intimate—having attended the "Captain" in two severe fits of sickness—and always found all the family sincere and confiding in all things. Your attempt to charge me with want of veracity was unfortunate; no antagonism exists between me and the family of Mr. Austin. Such facts as I could gather, I furnished, and not one statement has been invalidated, brief and condensed as was the sketch that I gave to the *Tribune* and yourself.

Now we turn to Mr. Austin's letter. Your letter from a gentleman in Washington City needs no reply. My language is on record—point it out; and when it bears any construction unfavorable to the "truth or veracity" of "H.", I will affirm or deny it. Will you, or your Washington correspondent, or Mr. Brittan, point to the language?—it is very easy. Frankness, gentlemen, is the manly way of doing things. "H." I know only by a slight acquaintance; whether she is a saint or sinner, I know not. I do know that she has a good mind, and a decidedly well molded and symmetrical frame, keen eye, and pleasing face. My fight is not with "flesh and blood." When she returned from Marlborough, I carried a load of ladies six miles to hear her introductory lecture, and soon the gossips in the town started a story that the "spirits wrote it." This looked like a *spiritual splurge*, and was an outrage on her intelligence—for all that the "spirits" have written in three years, *boiled down*, would not make a good shadow to her well-written introductory lecture on Anatomy and Physiology. She positively assured me that she had authorized no such statement.

We will now proceed to dissect your facts. And first, on what grounds do you conclude that the whole array of wonders authorizes a belief in spirit agency?—you offer no reason, and none can be assigned—though you assume that the "facts themselves demonstrate their origin." The whole facts are clearly connected with "H.", and the intelligence indicated, only points to her mind. If that spirit carried out that gun with hands, then she could do all the other acts without "aid or comfort," and no act is attested unconnected with the presence of "H." In fact, all that occurred is referred to her, distinctly and definitely. To conclude, from this fact, that they were supernatural in cause, is wholly unphilosophical.

There is a statement on record, that when the flood had drowned the earth, and "the clouds broke from the face of heaven, and sunlight

streamed upon the shoreless sea," that God placed a *bow* in the cloud as a sign that the earth should not again be destroyed by water. Recently I spent a day loading wood in the forest—sleet had covered every tree—not a twig could be seen but what sported a crown more brilliant than a fairy queen's—sunlight painted each ice-crowned twig with colors of gold and emerald, purple and green—the entire forest was crowned with light enchanted jewels—a scene more gorgeous than all the lilies of the field arrayed in their glory—and now suppose I should argue to you that God painted those ice-gems on the tree-tops, as a testimony that we should have no more *sleet-rains* in Ohio. It would do, if men were ignorant. Your naked assumption that spirits do all these things, will do with men that don't reason. The facts in Mr. Austin's letter involves physical force, intelligence, and sounds. Force is matter in motion. Intelligent force involves mind—sound is air in motion, is force in fact.

Take a piece of brown paper, heat it on the stove, rub it between your hands, place it against the wall, it will adhere to the wall for some time, it will adhere to either hand also. The relation of this little experiment to the hands applied to the tables and stands and the attraction that follows is self-evident. In the *Ohio State Journal*, I find this fact attested by Jacob Shaffer and eight others, Reynoldsburg, Ohio:

On Friday evening, the 4th instant, a number of persons met at the office of J. B. West, Esq., among whom were four mediums. A stand, such as is used for ordinary purposes in a house, being four square, with four feet, was placed in the center of the room, and the mediums placed themselves around it, with their hands on the top of the stand, and soon they notified the assembly that the spirits were waiting the interrogatories of persons wishing to converse; and upon questions being asked, the answers were, as usual, given in the affirmative, by the stand raising toward the strongest medium. In order to ascertain what the cause of these communications were, I caused the feet of the stand to be placed upon flat pieces of cork, which is a non-conductor of electricity, and on the top of the stand I placed six flat pieces of cork, on top of which I placed two lights of common window glass (another non-conductor). After having done this, the mediums placed their hands on the glass, and soon informed us that the spirits were again in waiting. I then caused the hands of the mediums to be wrapped in silk, the better to destroy the communication between the mediums and the stand. I then took a piece of copper wire, the one end of which was fastened to a piece of cork, and wrapped it around the wrists of each of the mediums, and continued from one to the other, and from the last one a piece of wrapped copper wire, connecting with the aforementioned copper wire, and extending from the mediums out at the window, the end of which was fastened around a piece of iron and placed below the surface of the earth. As soon as this was all done, the mediums could no longer cause the stand to raise, nor could answers be procured from the Spirits to questions asked, although several trials were made. . . . The fact of the escape of the electricity along the wires was proven by the continued trembling of the wires as it seemed to pass away, resembling the beating of the pulse.

Now will Prof. Wells and Mapes assert that we have not here a tangible evidence of electric action. Take the facts at Lysander Cowles: The carpet-rods came down stairs as she approached—attraction only. The chair followed Dr. Cowles to the hall, rocking—attraction only. The bowl and pitcher moved to the door as he passed out—attraction only, or repulsion from "H." toward her father. He seems to have been frightened and a medium at the time. The trunk moved up and down—it was filled with the medium's clothes, and the force seemed to act from end to end—positive and negative. Mr. Cowles was thrown from the table as requested—the intelligence is plainly referable to the medium, as are the physical facts. At various times the clothes on the wall, and everything about the room, was in motion—the "muskets and swords click" and move cartridge-boxes. The movement here of a fluid of wind, so to speak, is clear. The medium passes through a room—a stick of wood is attracted from the box—the chairs turned over, and the table moves into the line of movement—attraction and vacuum. A host of things are piled up in a heap in the room, "cartridge-boxes, belts, carpet-rods, candle-sticks, combs, hair-brushes, shoes, stockings, spool-stand, muskets, &c."

If a spirit can handle so many things at once, and alone, how is it that they want a medium at all?

In the year 1679 the house of Mr. Morse, of Newbury, Conn., was for two months visited by vexations. "Stones were thrown through the windows, and down chimney, furniture cast out doors, implements of cookery flew about the room from one end to the other, ashes scattered in the food, milk pails filled with dirt. When the man and wife were in bed, a stone of three pounds was thrown on the man's stomach, a box and board was thrown at them, and they were beaten with a bag of hops. While the man was at prayer, he was struck with a broom on the back of his head—ashes thrown in his face—the light blown out—and he beaten, in the dark, with a pair of leather breeches; his hair pulled; his body scratched; bed clothes pulled off; his night cap twitched off; stones thrown, candle-stick flung at him; pricked by a bodkin till blood came, pails of water emptied on him, until, says Dr. Mather, they were "in an uncomfortable pickle." This matches well with the facts at Mr. Cowles'. Dr. Mather and Richard Baxter said this was the Devil—"Old Hornie," as Burns calls him.

In the Silesian castle, Hahn and Kerner first had lime thrown down on their heads, then chinks of lime mortar were thrown. One morning much lime was on the floor. It was then thrown and struck Hahn; then came knives, forks, brushes, caps, slippers, padlocks, funnels, snufflers, soap, everything, in short, that was movable was thrown about the room. Knives and snufflers and shears rose from the table. Raps and thumps were on the wall and bed, and lights darted from corner to corner. Kern looking in the glass saw a white female figure looking out of it, his own shadow was directly behind it. He saw his own and her's also, the figure moved, looked into his eyes, (a physical and mental shadow both at once,) her head was wrapped in a cloth. A spiritual night cap, probably, worn in the first sphere. Hahn's razor, soap-box and brush, were thrown at him when about to shave, and while strapping his razor the ghost drank up his hot water in the basin. A piece of sheet lead was thrown at him twice. John, Kern's servant, saw the jug lifted, beer poured out, the glass lifted and the beer drank, and exclaimed, "Lord Jesus! it swallows." Ghosts love "beer, hot water and filberts." Hahn saw a ghost dog behind Kern. These are a similar class of facts with the above. Was this the "Old Harry," a ghost, od-force, or Mrs. Martin's puppies; or all at once?

Austinburgh beats all this. At the house of Mr. E. S. A., in Austinburgh, similar demonstrations occurred. I extract from the *Family Visitor*, Oct. 19. It appears a young woman's husband had gone to California, and was killed, as his spirit writes, by "swallowing an alligator." The widow was directed by the "spirit of her mother," to marry a pedlar. They "say they are spirits," and it must be so, according to friend Brittan. The spirits wrote out their directions. These documents are sworn to and subscribed by two unimpeachable witnesses as the hand writing of the medium. The spirits were trying to bring "Pa" into the kingdom. The spirits direct the mediums "to appear like idiots, talk all that came in their minds, baptize each other and Pa too." This done, a large Japan server was filled by spirit direction with "spools, thimbles, scissors, shells"—and other traps. A work-box was also filled with spirit ammunition. At the striking of the clock the spirit seized the medium and forced her to throw the server and all

its contents down the stairway, which echoing and reverberating like so many Chinese gongs, starts all to their feet. One enters the stairway and down comes a box of traps, like "Hail Columbia," upon his head. He went up stairs—everything in the room was in the wildest confusion. One young medium stood in wild affright at the "physical demonstrations." The widow lay sprawled on the floor, and the ghosts giving her fits. Her hair disheveled, eyes rolling, mouth drooling, arms akimbo, and limbs awry. When the old man turned his back a "brush, a shoe," or something else, was hurled at his head. The pair were spiritually married by another medium, the ceremony written out by the spirit-mother of the grass widow. The ghost had prophesied that after the ceremony the parlor must be darkened and then they would see what had never been witnessed by mortal eyes. "The room is to be lighted up with a 'spiritual illumination'—(luminosities) and the spirit-forms of departed friends were to be present at the infair." When they were pronounced one, "detritic sparks blinded their eyes." No other lights appeared. This case resembles the others, and must have been the work of spirits as both mediums wrote out again and again that it was all the work of spirits. The demonstrations in Austinburgh have been deeply mysterious, profoundly philosophical.

As most of these occurrences are among Connecticut people, I subjoin the following as occurring in Salisbury, Conn., 1802, in a clothier's shop. A man and two boys, were in the shop, and at 10 o'clock, a stick of wood came in at the window, then pieces of lime-mortar; the glass broke in profusion. It was very light and the throwing continued till daylight. At night, 8 o'clock, it began again and stopped at midnight. Next night it commenced at dusk and stopped earlier. Next night an hour before sundown and stopped in an hour, at the shop, and began at the house of Mr. Landon. Nothing could be seen till the glass broke and the bits of mortar, stone and coal fell flat on the window sill. About fifty panes of glass were broken, two persons were hit by the mortar. It was witnessed by a whole neighborhood, and some clergymen, and accounted for by them as witchcraft and sleight of hand. It was periodic, and evidently a force acting between the missiles and glass favored the atmospheric conditions.

Let us return now and note a fact that seems, to my mind, to throw light on the *modus operandi* of all these atmospheric and mental forces. I have stated before that all physical forces seem to act from the center. All theorists on storms assert that a storm cloud has at its center a point of air at rest, its centripetal point, while the currents from the surface rush toward that central point. Your fact of the writing of "Mrs. Minard, Litchfield," is instructive. Currents were seen rushing from the corners of the room and forming a center over the pencil, there, at the centripetal point, the ghost with "gray hair and beard" appeared. From this I conclude that Mrs. Minard's mind acted as the centripetal force, while the circle, or person's minds in it, acted as the centrifugal, and between the two the force was produced. This idea unfolds to me the deepest mystery in all these occurrences, and also in magic forces so often spoken of in history and attested by good authority. The idea of a "magic circle" runs through the whole thing. Two persons or two forces are always required. The Whirling Dervishes always put one in the center and the rest move around him. Dr. Faust and others, said to be in league with the Devil, work their arts by his presence. He is a mental force formed by the mind, and brought into play as a centripetal point or fulcrum on which to act. Miss Martha Cowles tells me that she noticed that the flinging and throwing of clothes and articles was always toward the person who seemed alarmed. This fact is prominent in Mr. Austin's narrative—just refer to it. When the girls laughed the things flew at them; when Dr. Cowles went after a candle things followed him. "H." was in these occurrences the centripetal force, her mind with the ideal "Ann" directed the whole. One class of blows—the lady thought "H." striking her. This was a mental blow, a mind force.

The bewitched in New-England struck, pinched, bit, pricked, choked by a rope or chain, which they imagined was tied around their necks, and they showed signs of "suffocation." Biological "blows" are known to all, the subject impressed at fifty feet distance, that he will be struck when you slap your hands together, falls as if struck by an ax, and absolutely feels a blow. Mrs. Smith in her "Dream Land" tells of a step-mother who was struck in the face by an unseen force supposed to be the ghost of the mother whose child she abused.

E. P. Rogers gives a case of a lady in New-York, who used a speaking tube to command the servants below. If she said anything that did not suit them, she received a blow through the tube in her mouth or teeth—a mental force controlled by the servants. The idea in the other case is the controlling force. I mentioned Dr. Faust's death in my last—the idea—his mental center, the Devil, killed him.

A man blindfolded, with warm water pouring on his arm, has the idea that he is dying, and does die, killed by the idea.

I have the following fact from a respectable clergyman. He received it from his father who witnessed the transaction. A ship-of-the-line, Bedford, in American service, when near the West Indies, was sailing in line with the fleet. This ship moved ahead rapidly, though the weather was calm. The Captain ordered the sail taken in, till the masts were unshrouded, and yet it outran the other vessels by Devil-force. The same ship, on the coast of Spain, in a dense fog at night, was hailed by a voice—"Bedford, ahoy!" The voice was heard on board by all—it was repeated three times. Groans were heard on the vessel—and screams below. The second mate was found on deck with his throat cut, and the boatswain below in the cabin with his brains dashed out.

Cromwell was accused of a league with the Devil, and died on the day of the expiring of the seven years. One of the prophets cursed a man and he died. The negroes of the Indies, cursed by the Obi woman, die. These are influences worked out by an idea—by the superior centripetal force of the mind. Elisha was to have a "double portion" of Elijah's spirit, "if he saw him go up." He saw him go up—the idea fixed his faith. This explains why "Ann," the ideal spirit of "H." obeyed "Frank," and also why calling on God and Christ, drove off Mrs. Martin's puppies. It was a higher idea—a stronger moral force—"Frank," the husband, was a higher being in "H.'s" mind than "Ann;" so was God in the other case, above the Devil. The positive controlling the negative, the centripetal the centrifugal force. Ann, the idea in H.'s mind in the demonstrations, was the positive—the superior, while H. to the persons present was the positive. Hymn singing and praying is strictly philosophical, founded on an eternal law, and is a force through which the mind grasps at the higher, the Deity.

Two other important facts must be explained, the ghost and the singing. The ghost of Ann, as seen, was an exact image of the body as H. "last saw her, excepting that one arm was folded across the breast." That spoils your ghost, and fixes the image as the work of Dr. T.'s mind. He laid the arm "across the breast" after H. left, and she saw it as he left it. This plainly covers the law I alluded to in "Mrs. Minard." The mind of Dr. T. was the centripetal force and controlled the image,

and the facts puts the two minds *en rapport*. Let us have another ghost story from Connecticut.

At the time of the Salem witch excitement, in 1692, "French and Indians," says Upham, "were seen hovering around the houses, skulking over the fields and through the woods of Gloucester. They were seen by many of the inhabitants, and the Cape was in alarm for three weeks. The people retired to the garrison and prepared for defense. Sixty men repaired to Ipswich in uniform, to reinforce the garrison, and several valiant sallies were made from the wall, much powder expended, but no blood shed." Rev. John Emerson gives an account of them. They wore "white waistcoats, blue shirts, and white breeches." They remind one of Croly's devils.

"The Devil he a riding went—
And how do you think the Devil was dressed?
O, all dressed up in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, his trousers of blue—
And a little hole behind where his tail went through."

Mr. Emerson says, no real French or Indians were there, but the Devil was at the bottom of it. These specters are based on a historical fact. The French and Indians were always one, and combined against the English. Philips' war had just passed over. Its bloody deeds had impressed all minds with these two images, and the excitement brings out the images, French and Indians.

The world can not evade the force of these facts. A law of Mental Reflection exists in our being, and not a ghost can be found on record, well described, but I will show it to come under this law. Dr. Buchanan affirms an organ of "Spectral Illusion" in the brain. It is a broad law of the human organization, and not an image exists in the mind but may be reflected around us, and seen at the focal point. Kern's ghost-woman was in front of his own shadow, and was a mind-image, as his shadow was his body-image—and this accounts for its position. The Seeherin affirms a similar fact.

I have seized the key that unlocks the mystic realms of ghosthood, and I will hold it as a flaming torch over that dark domain till its shadows have fled forever from the minds of men. It is mental Daguerreotyping.

Now for your music. The sounds, says Mr. A., seemed like instrumental music—sweet and touching music—such as was never heard by those present. "Home, sweet Home" and "Yankee Doodle" were performed. Pretty well for an Irish ghost—singing and fiddling Yankee Doodle and Sweet Home. That beats Daniel's Yankee Hebrew.

Walter Scott tells us of an English sergeant, who was about to be hung, on the oath of a Scotchman, who swore to the fact that the ghost of the murdered man came to his bed and told him the facts; but what saved the poor fellow's neck was that the English ghost "spoke in as good Gaelic as was ever heard." Hebrews, Dutch, and Irish, all seem to have turned Yankee in ghostdom. Playing "Yankee Doodle" must have fitted Ann, those "weird melodies," for a higher life, a holier sphere. "Ha! ha! he! he!" But, friend Austin will ask, was that real music or a mental deception? It was real music, as I will show you. Dr. Abercrombie relates of a little peasant-girl, employed in tending sheep, at seven years of age, who used to sleep in an apartment next to one occupied by an itinerant fiddler of much skill, who often spent the night in performing his best pieces. The child heard the sounds while asleep; she subsequently fell into bad health, and was taken in care by a benevolent lady. Many years after, she resided with another lady, and the inmates of the house heard, late at night, most beautiful music—and at last traced it to her chamber. In her sleep she turned her fiddle with her lips—then played in notes resembling perfectly the violin. She dashed off into the most elaborate pieces and played with great power. She sometimes stopped, returned her fiddle, and then played again. These fits return in from one to fourteen and twenty-eight nights. After a year or two she imitated the piano in the house, and several voices of ladies. She often preached, lectured, made fables. Bonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, and all the kings of the earth figured in her mental "clanjamphy." She conjugated Latin verbs, and spoke in French. When awake she was dull and awkward.

These psychological powers may show themselves when asleep or awake—that is all; the images always existing in the mind. "Yankee Doodle" and "Sweet Home" are plainly traced to the mind of "H."

Yours truly,
B. W. RICHMOND.

An Impostor.

Prof. L. A. Lyon, says the *Toledo Republican*, who recently lectured in Maumee city, promising to explain and illustrate the Spirit rappings, is pronounced by a correspondent of the *Times* to be the very knave and petty swindler in the world. He had a frail kind of machinery, which he attached to one of the seats near where he stood, and procured a Mr. Emery and others to work it for him. By it he produced his raps, and thus practiced his deception, swindling to the amount of perhaps \$50. Mr. Emery admits having assisted the Professor on the first evening, but says it was with the express understanding that he would fully explain to the audience. He says:

"I that evening operated his battery by means of telegraph, making raps, and spelling names of persons whom I knew; no others were spelled. I would further state that said Prof. Lyon stated that ministers, doctors and lawyers, had acted for him in the same capacity, in places where he had formerly lectured. The failure to produce the raps the second evening, was because the seat, designed for the telegraph operator or wire-worker, for that evening, was pre-occupied by another person. A third operator officiated the third evening, who can stand up and answer for himself."—*Exchange*.

Beautiful Experiment.

It has long been known to Physiologists, says the *Recorder*, that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possessed the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when Mons. Roulin speculated on what might be the consequence of administering colored articles of food to silk worms just before they began spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain portions of mulberry leaves, serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by silk worms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chiei*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silk worms consumed the mixture and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many other colors.

The Difference.

The New-York *Express* quotes a part of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH's paragraph about Dr. Tyng's lecture on the rappings, and civilly adds:

"Of course we have no means of knowing, whether all this is true or not—nobody believing what a newspaper says, that professes to be edited by Spirits."

—Now the TELEGRAPH "professes to be edited" by no other "Spirits" than such as edit the *Express*, saving only that those who edit the TELEGRAPH appear to have some brains. They may be very sadly in error, but their veracity will suffer nothing in comparison with that of the *Express*. (New-York Tribune.

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